TREASURED THOUGHTS

MARGARET WYATT

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TREASURED THOUGHTS

TREASURED THOUGHTS

A VOLUME OF MISCELLANEOUS VERSE
DEALING WITH THE COMMON EVERY-
DAY EXPERIENCES OF LIFE

BY
MARGARET WYATT

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DEDICATION

To the memory of my wonderful mother, and to all those who, by the inspiration of their lives, have made this little book possible

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MEMORIES OF HOME

MY MOTHER

She gave her best for me that I might live,
And, living, find in life a wealth of gold;
Not counted in the coin of all the ages,
But in the beauty of rare friendships told.

She gave her best for me that I might know
The joy that comes with loving service shown;
And in my giving, find the rich completeness
She sought for me before the Father's throne.

MY DAD

Sure I have the bestest dad
Anybody ever had;
Like to hunt and fish, you know;
He's a "bloodless" sportsman though
For while oft he goes to fish
Ne'er a finny fills the dish, —
Not a rabbit does he flush
From the snow and underbrush.

Oh, he's quiet, don't say much:
Never in too great a rush
For a kindly word to you
Or a helpful deed or two.
Likes to joke, and you can't tell
If it's truth or just a sell
Unless you his eyes can see
For they're tell-tale as can be.

Likes to take you unaware
With some gift for which you care
Left in unexpected ways
Bringing cheer to weary days.
When I'm sick he's very sad
And I'm sure he feels as bad
As he sits there by my bed, —
Tries to soothe my aching head.

Ain't it funny how a dad
Sort o' makes a fellow glad?
Glad to be alive and know

That though far away he go,
Though in other climes he bide
As the years so swiftly glide,
He is still the finest dad
Anybody ever had.

IMPRESSIONS

'Twas such a hard and worldly face
That passed me by the way,
A face depicting much that would
Not bear the light of day;
A face where Old Man Greed had left
His never-failing mark,
And every trace of noble thoughts
Had gone: the soul was dark.

And then there rose in memory
A face so sweet and fine,
With merry, laughing, love-lit eyes
Of dearest mother mine.
A soul as open as a book,
A faith that never failed
Though oft the times that pain had called
And fortitude assailed.

How strange it is, but how all-wise
Was the Creator's plan
That deeds of darkness, works of light,
Be writ in souls of men.
He places on Life's highway just
Such signs for me and you
To warn where lurking pitfalls lie
And keep the spirit true.

GHOSTS

When you and I were little tads
And had no great big brother,
We had to go to bed alone
And cuddle under cover.
We didn't dare to peep above
The blankets that would smother
For 'round the corner's two big eyes,
'N we'd want to yell for mother.

And once I did yell, terrible!
For what should I discover
But some big shadowy shapeless mass
Move right across the cover.
If mother'd come 'twould been all right, —
She always knows, you see,
But dad! he comes up full of fight,
And, — 'taint no fun, b'lieve me!

We're grown up now, — our childish fears
Seem trivial, foolish even;
But though our lives span many years
There's "ghosts what aint" deceivin'.
They crowd into our waking hours,
Each day we dread tomorrow;
Each night they cause all peace to flee
With dreams of pending sorrow.

The man is but the boy grown old
And women are but lasses;
They many, many bridges cross,

They fathom dark morasses
In search of something which may bring
A fateful destination,
When lo! the creature of their thought
Was but imagination.

OUR JEAN

First a smile and then a giggle,
Joyful squeals and many wriggles, —
Eyes of sparkling, deepest hue
Like a bit of heaven's blue, —
That's wee Jean.

Lots of loves and squshy kisses
Fill our hearts with many blisses.
Roly-poly girl so sweet
Playing "piggies" with her feet.
Wee, wee, Jean.

Tiny little bunch of sweetness
Rounding out our lives' completeness.
Joy enshrined in human clay, —
Joy that lasts throughout the day, —
Tiny Jean.

Little "hop-toad" is our baby
For she walks not like a lady.
"Bouncing Bet" we also say
As we watch her on her way.
Baby Jean.

Sudden storm and sudden sunshine
Coming to us in the springtime.
Just a bit of innocence
For our woes a recompense, —
Little Jean.

To Baby Jean Pruehs —
August, 1924

MY GIRL

Yes, my heart's been captured sure,
Captured for to stay;
You see a lovely maiden came
And stole it all away.

Lips are lovely, rosy red
Shaped like cupid's bow;
Her eyes are deep and shadowy
So they too much won't show.

She loves me best of all the world
Though not a word she's said
Since first she came to me one morn
With gentle, quiet tread.

Her hair a glint of copper shows
Wherein the sunbeams play
To keep me in remembrance of
The joy that's mine today.

I know you think I'm silly thus
To rave about a girl,
But of the kingdom's riches she
Is sure the priceless pearl.

But there are better reasons why
My heart is hers to hold;
She's Mary Lee, my daughter,
And she's only one week old.

(To Mary Lee Kannewurf)

THOUGHTS OF FRIENDSHIP

A PAL

A pal is what I want to be, —
A friend in every mood;
One whose unfailing loyalty
Your confidence has wooed.

I want to be your pal and know
The heart and soul of you, —
And knowing, love you for this glimpse
Of inner beauty true.

I want to be your pal in hours
When all the world goes wrong,
And then again when life is bright
And when the heart is strong.

Yes, whether days be dark or bright, —
If skies are grey or blue,
I want to be in every way
A real true pal to you.

ME AN' THE MOON MISS YOU

I think the moon is lonesome
  Alone up in the sky,
And so I'd like to talk to him
  To learn the reason why.

The moon, — he looks so solemn, —
  So sort o' sad, I'd say, —
I'm sure he must be sorry, dear
  That you're so far away.

And when he blinks his big eyes
  I'm sure he's dropped a tear.
You see I know, for I've been, too, —
  A missing you, my dear.

A PICTURE

There's the dearest old lady I'd have you to know
In a cottage I wish you might view, —
A tiny old mother, full four score and more
In the years that have bade her adieu.

Though her shoulders are thin and stooped over by care,
Bent by burdens unceasing and grim,
There's a sparkle of fun in the keenest blue eyes
And a look as of strength in the chin.

She's more dear than the posies that grow all about.
Yes, her garden's her hobby, you see,
And the flowers all vie with each other to prove
As to which shall the prettiest be.

Oh, the flowers all love her, I'm sure that they do
For they just seem to grow over night
In the effort to win the most sweet of her smiles
As each morning she feasts on the sight.

An old-fashioned garden it is you would see
With its dahlias and bright four-o-clocks
And sweet pansy faces look modestly up
Toward the sun and the tall holly-hocks.

All her flowers express an ideal she holds;
They are thankful for storm and sunshine, —
They are cheery and happy, and sturdy and strong
And unselfishly give all the time.

Oh, I've tried hard to paint you the picture I see
Of this little old mother so dear.
She isn't my mother but since I have none
She will have to adopt me, I fear.

(To dear Mother Burdick, Independence, Iowa)

I KNOW

I know the world seems crosswise dear,
And things are hard to bear;
I know the way you tread is hard
And Fate may be unfair.

I know the little things that hurt, —
The thorns which catch and tear, —
I know the darts that pierce the heart, —
The sorrow and the care.

I know that oft the things we do,
As well as what we say,
By biased minds are turned about
To seem some other way.

You've called me friend, — I've tried to be,
And hope I've proven true,
So when the pain is hard to bear
Just know I'm caring, too.

MY FRIEND

He gives me naught of worldly store,
He gives me what I prize far more;
He opes my heart by every door.
    He's just my friend.

He tells me when he thinks I'm wrong;
He helps me to be true and strong;
He shows me how to find life's song,
    For he's my friend.

When sorrow comes to break the heart, —
The way is drear, and future dark,
He plays of sympathy the part,
    For he's my friend.

If joy should come, he's glad with me
And life is buoyant, sweet, and free.
Then I am satisfied to see
    That he 's my friend.

I hope some day that he shall know
How much of life to him I owe.
I would appreciation show
    To him, — my friend.

FRIEND

What a dreary old place this world would be
If you hadn't a friend who cared;
How the soul would cry in its loneliness
If no one the burdens shared.

O, the heart is a child, with its hurts and bumps
Who runs home to motherly arms,
For it seeks in the love of a trusted friend
A healing from all earth's harm.

Yes, a friend is a pal who can read you through
And see just what's hurting so.
She knows just by instinct the battles you fight
And whether you win or no.

And if in the Book of Good Deeds on high,
The angels make record of you,
There will shine like a star on the line above yours,
The name of this friend so true.

MUSINGS OF A CONVALESCENT

QUERY

When I pattern choose to use
For making something fine
I get one that will be just right
And true in every line.
I don't want one that has to be
Cut up or turned about,
Or one with lots of useless things
To worry me with doubts.

It strikes me that we mortals have
A lot of useless parts
To get all out o' kelter from
The very, very start.
First they take out an appendix and
The tonsils, too, must go;
Then they turn our insides over
And extract a roll of "dough."

When God his pattern chose for Eve
Why didn't He just pick
On one that needn't altered be
And makes us tired and sick?
Why didn't He of whom 'tis said,
"He doeth all things well,"
Live up to what is said of him
As Bible stories tell?

(Musings from a hospital cot.)

THE NURSE

Who trots about and waits on us
With kindly smiling face?
Who smooths away the aches and pains
And to the blues gives chase?

The nurse it is who answers
To every need and whim.
She never scolds or sputters tho
I'm sure her head must swim.

We all want everything at once, —
We want some alcohol.
The mattress is so full of humps
We cannot sleep at all.

It's "Nurse, please turn my pillow,"
Or, "O, nurse, I want a drink."
"Say nurse, can't I sit up today?"
How can her poor brain think?

Now surely if there's anything
In good deeds helping out, —
If patience is a virtue,
Then there can't be any doubt

That when the Book of Good Deeds
Is opened up on high,
The nurses name will written be
With those who never die.

THE DOCTOR

He pokes you in the tummy
And he pokes you in the back;
He turns your insides upside down,
And then sews up the crack.

He cuts out all the surplus things
You wish you'd never had.
He asks you horrid questions, —
Gives you medicine so bad.

He goes on great exploring trips
To find your many ills;
Department of Interior
He says needs little pills.

But spite of all the torment
He is yet a good old scout.
For while such things you do not like,
He soon has you about.

We couldn't do without him
Tho we'd like to many a time,
So we'll pay him highest tribute
And conclude our little rhyme.

VIEWPOINTS

It's funny what a different feel
You have for commonplaces
When viewed through eyes with tired lines,
Or illness' weary paces.

You come home tired of everything, —
Perhaps it's cold and damp-like;
And what a cozy feeling comes
From glow of ruby lamp-light.

You sit and dream of many things;
Forgotten all the worries.
The very walls breathe peacefulness
That would dispel all flurries.

The bed has an inviting look
When old friend Sandman's 'round,
The cool sheets feel like loving hands, —
The pillow's soft as down.

But O, how different is the view
When on your back you 're lying
Tortured by aches and pains galore:
You'd almost welcome dying.

The lurid light rays pierce your eyes
Like poisoned fiery arrows.
The walls seem cold, unfeeling, bare,
And chill you to the marrow.

You count each crack and cobweb hung;
You find the curtain's torn;

The chair is broke, the dresser scratched;
The rug is sadly footworn.

The bed is hard and comfortless;
The sheets are full of ridges.
The Sandman, when he left last time,
Must sure have burned his bridges.

The pillow's just as hard as iron;
Your head feels leaden, too.
If patience had a prize at stake,
You're sure 'twon't come to you.

But thank the powers that be, you know
There's one light shining thru, —
You're sure that some day you'll be out
And find the sky all blue.

So taking all together then,
Each day and year that's counted,
The shadows only make the sun
Seem brighter when they're routed.

The commonplaces have a niche
In everyone's existence;
Just keep your viewpoints sane and clear, —
Don't lose them in the distance.

THOUGHTS GLEANED FROM NATURE'S NOTEBOOK

THE CRUSHED ROSE

I strayed along a path one day
Where idle fancy led me,
A well-worn path beside a hedge
Where roses blossomed free.

I stooped to breathe the perfumed air
But paused, for at my feet
Lay crushed and bruised, a rose that once
Had been as fair and sweet.

I lifted it, still wondering at
The careless foot that trod,
When lo! an incense rare it breathed
And wafted up to God.

A trampled flower, — a bruiséd soul;
A wandering path, — and, life.
The rose its sweetest fragrance bears
When crushed beneath the strife.

UNPOLISHED GEMS

Gray, dusty rocks along the roadside strewn, —
We pass them by with scarce a single glance;
No thought have we that their rough sides, unhewn,
Conceal a beauty wondrous rare, perchance.

Their cloven sides reveal the brilliant rays
Of myriad diamonds sparkling in the light.
A Master-hand it was that fashioned thus
And blended in them varying colors bright.

A workman passes slowly on the street:
His weather-beaten face, begrimed by toil, —
His hard and calloused hands, — his shoulders stooped,—
Yield not a hint of riches 'neath the soil.

Could we but lift the veil which hangs between
His life and ours, and keeps our paths apart,
Perhaps we'd find a spirit all serene, —
A soul whose beauty reaches to the heart.

We search afar for jewels rare and sweet
While oft the treasure lieth near at hand;
And oftentimes we pass with hurrying feet
And lose forever, gold beneath the sand.

We miss so many blessings every day.
Our clouded vision fails to see within
The toil-scarred outer shell of human clay
Where loveliness and beauty true begin.

Don't pass them by, — these "diamonds in the rough;"
Their radiance, though 'tis hidden, — hard to find, —
Will furnish constant joy, undimmed by years,
A wealth beyond the ken of finite mind.

TRAILS

There are mountainous trails, there are wayside paths,
There are wooded ways we may go;
There are paths the Nature folk have trod
And ones that plainly show.
But the trails that we make in our daily life
Should be planned with the utmost care
For others may follow where we have led,
Be the pathway poor or fair.

You meet on the highway a dangerous turn, —
You're careless and skid to the side.
Did you think that the fellow who followed your trail
May have slipped because you did, and died?
Perhaps you were able to pull yourself out
And get back on the highway again,
But the one just behind may fall never to rise
As he follows the pathway you ran.

A WISH

I'd like to be a cloud ship
And sail the sky so blue.
From east to west I'd hurry on
And north to southward, too.

I'd start out in the morning
When the air is fresh and clear
And watch the twinkling sunbeams as
They o'er the hills appear.

From there I'd hunt a meadow wide
Where children are at play
And watch them chase my shadow
O'er the fields of grain and hay.

Then, mirrored in a glassy lake
I'd spy my snowy self;
I'd race across the ripples like
A merry dancing elf.

I'd fly along o'er mountains
And hills and treetops tall
And on the ocean deep I'd see
The big waves rise and fall.

I'd peer down from the lofty dome
Of Heaven's blue-vaulted skies
To where on mountain ledge or crag
The baby eaglet lies.

When near the closing of the day
I'd hit the homeward trail
And cross the very spot we're told
The milk-maid dropped her pail.

I'd hurry homeward to the west
To don my evening gown
And join the other cloudlets
Just to promenade around.

But when the night has fallen and
The sand-man comes around
I'll watchful be 'til daylight
And not make a single sound.

(On watching a puff of smoke from a smoke-stack, sail far up and away in the distance.)

THE FLY

He buzzes busily about,
You see him, — now he's gone,
But soon you feel his presence near, —
Note his discordant song.

A very greedy little chap,
He visits far and wide
And begs from garbage can and barn
To fill his lanky sides.

He takes his fill then gathers all
His tiny feet can carry
And hurries with it to our friends
And says, "Eat, drink, be merry."

Some flies have six legs, some have two
And had I chance to pick,
If I must pestered be by one,
I'll chose the fly with six.

The biped fly oft seems to be
A friendly sort to meet,
'Till on the ceiling of your soul
He wipes his dirty feet.

He always hunts for juicy bits,
Imagined ones or real;
He fills his greedy empty mind
And gives his friends a meal.

O, yes, the six-legged fly for me
For swatters can be bought.
With tanglefoot and poison, too,
And traps the battle's fought.

But all the world's inventive minds
Although they've done their best,
Have failed to fill our orders
To help rout this human pest.

Ah, no! the plague Old Egypt bore
Was naught compared with ours;
But just as Egypt did of old,
We pray to Higher Powers.

"Deliver us, — our hearts and souls,
Our peace of mind, we pray,
From all this plague of human flies
Which pester us each day."

A DAY OF LIFE

SUNRISE:

The night is passed, and o'er the slumbering world,
The gray dawn creeps in the far eastern sky;
And from the leaves, scarce stirred by gentle breeze,
Is heard the new day's first awakening sigh.

And now the clouds reflect in dim rose-hues
The glimmering rays by distant sun-beams cast.
The birds their sleepy twittering begin,
And prowlers of the night creep home at last.

The new day breaks: all shadows flee away;
The birds awake with bursts of happy song.
In glorious splendor now the sun appears
And ushers in a day that's free from wrong.

NOON-TIDE:

High rides the sun and fierce his burning rays
Beat down on field and stream or city street,
While man and beast a brief respite would seek
'Neath sheltering limbs, a sweet and cool retreat.

The birds' songs now are hushed; but plaintive chirps
From thirsty little throats speak discontent;
And human hearts find duties irksome, too,
And little things begin to prick and fret.

SUNSET:

The day is done: the welcome shadows creep
Along the dusty hillsides, faint with heat.
The sun is set, — the birds have said, "Goodnight,"
The world is clad in shades of evening deep.

The stars peep out, — God's candles in the sky;
The wild night-folk begin afar to roam.
While from the rustling leaves a soft voice speaks,
"Rest thou in peace beneath high heaven's dome."

RETROSPECT:

We've harbored many a wrongful thought today;
Some unkind words and acts would merit blame.
Our hearts are penitent as now we come
Before thy throne with heads bowed low in shame.

We plead with Thee, give us just one more day
From morning light 'till setting of the sun;
We'll try to live it, sin-free as the birds
And at the sun-set, claim from Thee, "Well done."

THE MESSAGE OF A ROSE

There's nothing in nature so wondrously sweet
As the heart of a deep crimson rose;
Its petals of velvet and glossy green leaves
Are beauties which everyone knows.

I am sure if the rose had a tongue it would talk,
And would sing from the housetops its song.
As it is, it speaks only in whispers to me
Of the secrets it's harbored so long.

But the secrets are many and all very sweet
Which the rose, in its beauty imparts, —
There are wonderful bits of the story of life
Hidden deep in its shadowy heart.

There's a story of long days of waiting to grow,
When 'twas cradled deep down in the earth,
Awaiting the call of a beckoning hand
To give to the world a new birth.

And then there were more days of waiting again, —
Just waiting in trust for the time
When the glorious crown of a blossom so fair,
Should unfold to the air and sunshine.

But of all the dear secrets its petals enclose,
The sweetest by far is of love, —
The love of true friends, — a love rich and pure
As the blue of the sky up above.

I love you, O rose, for the message you bring,
A message of hope and of cheer,
Which shall ring in my soul through the long days to
come,
And shall drive away sorrow and fear.

DESIRE

A snow-white rose was blooming high,
Fairest of all to see;
Its innocence and purity
All seemed to beckon me.

I scorned the others near my hand
And reached an eager arm
To where this rose, all beautiful,
Bloomed sweetly, free from harm.

I tried to grasp its thorny stem
And draw it down to me;
Its rustling leaves just whispered back,
"I grew too high for thee."

"Be satisfied with those at hand
And someday thou shalt grow
To reach far lovlier blossoms here
Than any thou hast known."

My own heart's longing is a rose
As fair and pure to see
As that I tried so hard to reach, —
But it grows too high for me.

Perhaps my soul's not grown enough
For gifts of treasures rare;
Perchance their loveliness would fade
Were God to grant my prayer.

I'll wait and trust, and drink my fill
Of beauty near at hand,
'Till God, the Giver of all good
Opes up the Promised Land.

MAGIC

When I got up this morning
And from my window pane
Looked out upon the world about
Why, nothing seemed the same
As when I went to bed last night.
The ground was white in spots
Like it had snowed while I had slept
Upon my little cot.

The bare grey branches of the trees
Had disappeared from sight
And in their place stood fairy trees
All glistening, dazzling white.
I asked my mother 'bout it
And she said Jack Frost had come
While we were all still fast asleep.
And painted every one.

He dipped his fairy brush in pearl
And Mother Goose's down
And sprinkled diamond dust upon
The poorest tree in town.
And even in the garden dead
All dainty is each bush
For down the ragged, bare brown stems
His magic brush he pushed.

The fairy trees have vanished now, —
Their branches all are grey
For Mr. Sun came out you see

And drove them all away.
I hope next time when Jack Frost comes
He'll paint in daylight, too,
So we can know just how he works
Such dainty things to do.

SHADOWS

The flitting shadows skim the
meadow grass,
And o'er the ripening grain fields
sweep with graceful ease;
While underneath the branches
bending low,
Their purple hues the weary eye
would please.

Now here, — now there, — but passing
quickly by,
Oft hiding for a time the sun's
bright merry face;
But bringing to our hearts a
thankfulness
That, though now hid, he'll shine
again in place.

So 'tis with life. The shadows
come and go;
Most of them, flying by scarce
touch a human heart.
Some, though they stay, have yet
somewhere within,
A hope rose-hued, revealing of
heaven a part.

Look for the light! All clouds
are silver-lined;
And e'en though bringing much of

heartache, pain, and fears,
If we'll look up, 'tis certain
we shall find
The glint of silver shining through
our tears.

THOUGH WINDS MAY BLOW

Blow, north wind, blow! Thy chilling breath
Brings not too much of icy blast for me;
I fear not, for in my harbor safe
Will shelter be.

Blow, cold wind, blow! as stands you tree
Secure in love that marks the sparrow's fall, —
So stands my soul erect to prove
God's over all.

Blow, ill wind, blow! Thou'rt not so strong
But that my craft can weather thy fierce blast;
For faith is sure that God will lead
Safe home at last.

MISCELLANEOUS MUSINGS

RESTS

You've studied so hard on that music
And the teacher, she says it is wrong, —
That you slighted the rests that were given
And spoiled the effect of the song.

To save you you can't see what difference
'Twould make to forget every rest,
For there cannot be music in silence
And to you it would seem much the best.

Each day of our lives we write music,
Some sad and some glad we may say.
We try to fill every moment
With no time to rest or to play.

When the Infinite made out our schedule
He put on each chart time for play.
In wisdom He foresaw disaster
If this were omitted each day.

He knew that all work and no resting
Would make us play all out of tune
And the Harp of Life that he gave us
Would worn be and useless too soon.

Why fret at the rests in your program,
And why chafe at every delay?
There's the making of beautiful music
In His plan for rests by the way.

BE STILL

Be still!
Fret not thy weary soul
With things beyond control.
God made the world and measures out each task;
'Tis not for thee to question Him, or ask.
Just do thy best.
Be still!

Be still!
The trials of thy day
All help to build the way
To greater things God has in store for thee.
Shun not the struggles, face them fearlessly.
He'll give thee rest.
Be still!

JUST WATCH THE CROWD GO BY

When tired with the rush and strife,
The hurried ways of city life, —
When all the paths you tread at length
Seem far beyond your finite strength, —
Just step aside and let the crowd go by.

Your vision widens as you stand
And scan the faces close at hand;
For some whose features, lined with care,
Show burdens greater then you bear,
When you step out and watch the crowd go by.

You'll realize as thus you note
The struggles of these other folk,
Your lot in life's not half so hard, —
Not half so dull and battle-scarred,
If you'll step out and watch the crowd go by.

So if you've wearied of the way, —
The cares that mark each passing day, —
And if you feel that fate, to you,
Has been more cruel than is your due,
Just stand aside and watch the crowd go by.

THE EASTERN STAR

'Twas years ago there shone in Eastern sky,
A star of wondrous beauty, burning bright;
And shepherds, kneeling there, not dreaming why,
Quaked at the sight.

But angels came: then fear was turned to joy,
For Christ was born to break the gloom of night,
Dispel all doubts, and teach us to enjoy
Eternal Light.

E'en though His days on earth were numbered few,
He strove to enter hearts that sin would blight,
And, by His love, give earth a richer hue
Through souls alight.

We've wandered far since then, — so far away
From all He sought to teach us of the right:
We would seek Him, as children who have strayed
Turn home at night.

Yes, time has passed, and night has followed day
Through many a century of gloom and light;
But still, O Star of Eastern Skies, we pray,
Lead us aright.

MY YEAR-BOOK

An open book, fresh from its Maker's hands
With pages yet all spotless clean and white,
Lies open here before me as I sit
And take a backward look, — view wrong and right.

Just one short year since last I sat and dreamed
Of all the future held of joy or pain.
Dreamed long of all the good I might achieve
With altruistic motives, — not of gain.

The year whose days stretched far into the distance
And seemed to sight rich promises ahead,
Has vanished, and the threshold of the new
Is passing now 'neath my reluctant tread.

Where the fulfillment of my cherished dreams?
Where all the good deeds wrought and battles won?
Just visions never right this old world's wrongs
Nor bring to view the bright and glorious sun.

What will be written on these pages white
When time shall close the book next New Year's Day?
Will they with perfect copy be adorned,
Or marred with blots no power can wash away?

YOUR WIFE

She gave you strength and faith to forge ahead
When first she pledged to you her heart's great love.
She gave you courage to go out and win,
Secure in love, and trust in God above.

She gives you now of self, her very soul,
And yields her lips to you in purity.
She gives you that last thing she's called her own, —
Her life in all its sweet virginity.

See that thou pain her not, nor give her cause
To long for girlhood's days so full and free.
See that thou crush not by thy word or deed,
That buoyant spirit given by God to thee.

NIGHT, AND THE CURTAIN FALLS

'Tis night; the shadows round us creep
As sinks the glowing sun.
The curtain falls upon the world
And the day's toil is done.
The weary arms, the aching back
All long for night's repose;
We're glad to see the star's peep out,
Symbol of daylight's close.

Our evening sun is setting
And the long night is come;
The heart is tired and weary
From the path of Life we've run.
The soul just longs for quiet and
The "peace that passeth all,"
So we'll watchful be and patient
'Till God lets the curtain fall.

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! We view on every hand
Each hour of the day fresh signs of wakening life, —
A blade of grass pushed upward toward the light
Through last year's sere remains of Winter's strife.

There is no death! Old Winter's hardening grip
Is broken; and the erstwhile silent stream
Goes murmuring on its journey to the sea
Between the hills, o'er meadows tinged with green.

There is no death! The friendly dandelion
Reflecting in itself the sun's bright face,
Has not been dead, — just sleeping 'till the morn
When Nature's smile calls each to fill his place.

"There is no death!" proclaims the lily white.
"Life will return to bring to earth new joy."
Hope springs anew within the aching heart,
That love and peace will come without alloy.

There is no death! The stone is rolled away,
The open grave gives up a Risen Lord;
"Lift up thine eyes and see," the angels said.
He lives and loves, by heaven and earth adored.

MY TASKS

To try to bring to each day's new beginning
A cheerful thought to help the day along;
And though it seem in desert brown upspringing, —
A burst of song.

To make myself each day be so unheeding
Of self in all the things I do and say,
That I can see what others may be needing
To ease their day.

To give to those whose lives I touch each morning,
A chance to meet the real Me, face to face;
A chance to let true friendship's rosy dawning
Come on apace.

There's many a human sky with doubt o'er-clouded,
And many a human heart with hope nigh gone;
Myself, my song, may be the tonic needed
To face the throng.

And so these be my tasks for each new dawning,
And when I've come in time to this year's end,
I'll find I've gained, by next bright New Year's morning,
True dividends.

DETOURS

You have an ambition to get to the top?
Well, well, that is fine I'll agree.
You want to be off on the highway to fame
And your name on the Honor Roll see.

Perhaps you'll remember that oft on the road
When you came to a sign marked "Detour,"
You were rather impatient at having to turn
To the by-ways and over the moor.

One cross-road ran into another you found,
And that one again to a third;
You traveled for miles over rough, rocky road
'Ere the trail on the highroad emerged.

So the pathway to fame has its curves and its turns
And its detours where rough seems the trail;
But with patient persistence you'll find at the end,
The highway you seek, without fail.

BOWLING FRIDAY NIGHTS

The ball rolls down the alley,
It wobbles left, then right
And finally in the gutter falls.
We say, "Ain't that a fright?"
We knew when first it started
That it wasn't going true;
We knew we gave our hand a twist
At the wrong moment, too.

The next one skims along so fine
Just as good balls should do;
It sends the head pin galley-west
And all the others, too.
WE MADE A STRIKE! Now ain't it fine,
And ain't it great to know
Our eye is true, our aim so good?
We MEANT it to be so.

They always say, "I meant it so."
To save me I can't see
Why poor balls come by "accident"
While strikes were "meant to be."
But when we roll a horrid one
It's , "O, I dropped that ball!"
Or, "Did you see my ankle turn?
I nearly got a fall."

I wonder if the strikes we make
Are all of perfect aim
Because we sent them purposely

Straight down the alley's plane?
But all the gutter balls we roll
Are accidental ones.
We always aimed straight but the ball
Was always on the bum.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S CREED

Be it Resolved, to

Be always the same.
Use my God-given talents.
See good in everyone.
Ignore the shortcomings of others.
Never give up.
Earnestly seek for myself and others.
Sanction only right things.
See God in all nature.

Aid all worthy causes.
Nurse earnest thought on national issues.
Do as I would be done by.

Praise where praise is due.
Reconcile myself to unalterable conditions.
Overcome my faults and failings.
Feel no necessary work beneath my dignity.
Economize.
Seek truth.
Scorn unscrupulous business dealings.
Interest myself, intellectually, in another's business.
Oppose every harmful project.
Nurture noble thoughts.
Abhor back-biting.
Laugh much.

Work while I work.
Oblige others, though at cost to myself.
Make friends for my employer and myself.
Educate myself in all possible ways.
Nourish a strong healthy physical development.

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